



COMMON SENSE in the HOME

EDITED by MARION HARLAND



WASTE THROUGH THE KITCHEN DOOR.

WHAT functions does the garbage pail fill in your home and how do you treat it? Two or three little incidents have brought this topic to my attention of late. One was the remark made by the cook of a friend and quoted by the latter to me, with great amusement.

"Amanda told me the other day that my neighbors in the apartment above me must be wealthy," she said. "They actually do have de awies' garbage," Amanda remarked. "When it comes down on de dumb water dars whole half leaves of bread in de hunkles of cake and heaps of vegetables. Day don't seem to care what dey throw away. I couldn't help feeling that the comment was meant as a reproach to my economies."

Another incident also came out of an apartment house. A caller was telling me that she had just moved into a flat adjoining that of a well known writer on domestic topics.

"She may know a lot about economy theoretically," said my visitor, "but I don't think there is a practical operation. There is a back stairway in the apartment and the garbage pails are set out there every morning for the janitor to collect. I wish you could have a glimpse at the contents of hers! Halves of grapefruit, quarter loaves of bread, rolls, enough good lettuce to make a dish of salad, trimmings from meat which ought to be in the stock pot—it vexes my economical soul to see such waste! I don't mean that I go prying about to learn what she throws away, but when I have been out on several occasions to look after other matters her overflowing garbage pail has been there and the articles it holds have, so to speak, jumped at the eyes."

In connection with this I was interested to read an interview with a well known restaurant keeper. He was not the proprietor of a large and fashionable establishment, but the owner of a small place where he himself prepares and sells a 50 cent table d'hôte. He told with much vivacity how in these hard times he could manage to sell good food at so low a price.

"I have pity on the garbage man who comes here," he was quoted as saying. "I make use of everything but the coffee grounds, the potato skins, and the chicken bones. In this same building the families are American and they throw away enough in a day to feed a family a week."

This last remark has often appeared before in similar connections. The chef went on to say that a knowledge of how to make good sauces and to season dishes properly enabled him to provide appetizing meals at a charge which made some of his patrons wonder at times if he could really be giving them the best quality of food. Certain of them asked him if he did not buy unhealthful meats, wilted vegetables, and stale fruit. On no other grounds could they

understand his ability to serve them such a meal as he offered them for half a dollar.

"They do not understand that it is not only wise buying and good cooking but

chef put it, and in how many he gets more than his due.

When it comes to saving, the woman who does her own work or who keeps a close supervision over her kitchen is the one

reckless waste that went on. They did not exercise watchfulness over the larder and know with even comparative certainty what was thrown away and what eaten. With that shrinking from appar-

pail than to put them away to begin with or to use them up later in other combinations. The sooner housekeepers understand that economy and stinginess are not

throw anything away," I have heard her say on the subject again and again. And at other times: "If it was eaten and some one has had the good of it, I don't care; but if it was wasted and was no use to any one, I care very much."

Her tour of her kitchen was made regularly at least once a day, and sometimes oftener, and no corner of meat safe, refrigerator, bread box, or cake box escaped her attention. Leftovers of meat and vegetables or of eggs and fish were combined into savory made dishes or went into the stock pot; the water in which vegetables or soup had been boiled was saved as an addition to soup or a foundation for it as much as the liquor in which meat had been cooked.

The bread which had been cut and left on the table uneaten and which could not be used for toast or for cheese dishes was either cut up and dried or fried for croquettes to use in soup, or crushed or put through the meat chopper to make crumbs for breading, or to utilize in scalloped or stuffed. The rag ends of cake were converted into trifles or tiny portions of cabinet puddings, and no one who ate them would have suspected that they were economical instead of dishes made from cake bought especially for the purpose of being transformed into delectable and unusual desserts.

At the first glance it appears absurd to say that use can be made of all the apparent waste of a kitchen except the coffee grounds, potato skins, and chicken bones, but when you come to look into the statement it does not seem so exaggerated after all. I confess that in my own home only the chicken bones which have been left on the plates of the eaters escape the stock pot. The carcass of the roast or boiled chicken is broken up and put over the water with seasoning and a little water to simmer until every particle of flavor and strength there is remaining in the bones has been coaxed from them.

I wish that the careful housekeepers of our constituency—and that there is a noble army of such women I know well—would give me their experience with regard to throwing into the garbage pail other left overs than those I have indicated. Even tea leaves can be saved for sweeping; the pods of peas and beans have a value when cooked for flavoring the foundation of soup, orange and lemon peelings can be saved and candied or dried. Is there anything else, unless it may be the skin of a banana, which has a legitimate place in the garbage pail? And if other articles do find their way there whose fault it is and on what grounds are the left overs consigned to this receptacle?

I believe that a comparison of views on this matter would be not only of interest but also of value and help to other housekeepers. If there was ever a time when we needed to study the wise economy that has long been associated with the

name of the French cook it is surely in this era of high prices and tight purses. I began this talk by asking two questions. The first, relative to the functions of the garbage pail, I have endeavored in a measure to answer or to induce the Cornettes to assist me in answering. The second one remains.

How do you treat your garbage pail? To this query there will probably be differing replies. I am sorry to say that if I may judge from some garbage pails I have met you don't treat them at all, but leave them to the carelessness of the maid, who gives them just as little attention as she can possibly manage.

In spite of the unsavory reputation the garbage pail holds in the minds of many persons there is really no reason why it should be such an obnoxious article. I know conscientious housekeepers who pride themselves upon keeping it as clean and sweet as any other utensil. Not a day passes that it is not rinsed out with boiling water and washing soda and two or three times a week it is scrubbed with some cleansing powder and allowed to stand in the sun until dry.

While I admire the vigor and faithfulness of such workers, I own I look upon their efforts in this direction as something they could spare themselves and do no harm by it. I don't mean for a moment that the garbage pail should be neglected, but there is no more reason why they should impose upon themselves such energy in cleaning than there is that they should make a conscience of standing while peeling potatoes or wiping dishes—as too many of them do.

In nearly all kinds of housework there are methods of sparing oneself or of making shortcuts to the goal instead of taking the longest and the hardest way around, and the garbage pail is no exception to this rule.

Why allow it to become so unsavory and unpleasant in the first place? Why not keep it comparatively clean instead of making it dirty?

The method is simple enough and doubtless many of you know it already. All that is needed is a newspaper lining, put in fresh each day. There should be several folds of the paper, so that the moist contents of the pail are not likely to soak through, and the paper should not only cover the bottom but the sides as well and come clear up to the top. It is only a moment's work to put it in and is far less trouble and nuisance than scouring out the pail every day, to say nothing of being infinitely less insanitary than leaving the pail unscrubbed.

You will probably have difficulty in inducing your maid to make this slight effort, but if you insist upon a clean garbage pail she will soon discover that lining the pail is less labor than cleaning it, and that a means which obliges her to scour it out only once a week instead of once a day is worth following. Try it yourself or make her try it and see.



also careful of," he said. "The only cheating I do is when I rob the garbage man."

I wonder in how many American homes—the homes of you who read the Corner—the garbage man is "robbed," as the

ent parsimony which marks the American housewife who employs help they did not like to inquire too closely into what was consumed by their domestics—and these found it a far simpler matter to fling leftovers of diverse sorts into the garbage

synonymous the better for them and must be taken as a matter of course. I recollect well a formula used by a friend of mine whom I visited intimately and who never could be accused of being penurious. "Eat as much as you choose, but don't

lines the desire for something higher and better for my children and husband, instead of selfishness and greed for the things of this life. Autumn in all her glory makes these hills seem near to God, and, if it were possible for any one to be dissatisfied with life after a walk along the river bank, with the perfume of the papaws and the wild grapes in the air, I don't believe a kitchen range or imitation enamel cooking outfit, linoleum on the kitchen floor, patent churn, biscuit kneader, up to date cook books, a little bathroom with water piped from the boiler in the kitchen, an oil stove, an ice-house, a flower pit to keep plants in the winter, a good chickenhouse, ratproof, to say nothing of a bookcase, filled with good books, and a piano. But I can't see much prospect of my owning these treasures this side of heaven. This rambling, incoherent letter is the means of expressing desires that I have long kept to myself and I hope that you, as a Christian woman, can read between the poorly written

MARION HARLAND'S HELPING HAND.

Patterns for Baby Clothes.

HAVE many embroidery patterns, mostly baby clothes, such as little bonnets, shoes, booties, sacques and small floral designs for dresses and petticoats, which I will exchange for embroidery patterns of household linens and sofa pillows. I get lonely and would like to have some of the Cornettes correspond with me.

"Mrs. R. O." This generous offer is sure of early acceptance. I trust the responses of the Cornettes who are willing to correspond with a lonely member may be as prompt and plentiful. I will gladly send the address of Mrs. R. O. to any applicant inclosing stamp for reply.

More Books Needed.

"A new town with 700 or 800 people has a library installed in the finest little library building in the state. This library is managed by a board of women and has now about 1,200 volumes. It is well patronized, but needs books in the way of English classics, history and modern popular science. Contributions of this sort from any readers of the Corner would be appreciated in full measure. A. L. H." Here is an opportunity for the possessors of overstocked libraries to clear the shelves and make room for fresh acquisitions and at the same time help this library. The writer of this letter would undoubtedly be glad to give full information to any one wishing to bestow books. I shall look hopefully for requests for his name and for some offers of really worth while books.

A Word of Cheer.

If you take me for a Cornette I will work with all my might in helping the good work along. And sometimes send a little song. "I want to give a word of cheer to Mrs. E. W., whose letter appeared recently in the Corner. I have the same infirmity (deafness) she complains of, and after I was 70 I obtained work in a home. I never had done such work before except in my own home, but I scrubbed and washed dishes with the youngest of the cleaners. The work was hard at first, but when you get used to it it does not seem so bad. I worked there for three years and my hearing did not seem to be any drawback. Everybody was good to me and I enjoyed working there. Let me add that I am a widow. So Mrs. E. W. might be as fortunate as I was in securing work in such a good place. I have a lot of postcards, and if any one wants them I will be glad to forward them. I have been hoping to make something from writing scenarios, but it is wonderful at my age? I shall be 74 next April and I never made two lines single until I was 60 and never thought of it. I send a hearty God bless you to all the Cornettes and especially to the shut-ins. E. H." This letter is so full of cheer and courage that it gives me great pleasure to print it. When a widow of 70 can rejoice at her good fortune that in spite of her deafness she could secure such a position

as she did in a public institution—a position involving hard and tiresome work—her example should prove a stimulus to those of us who complain when everything does not go smoothly with us in easier circumstances. The offer of postcards is sure to be accepted, and I have no question that other applications will come for the address of this cheerful, plucky woman who at her age is starting out hopefully to write "jingles" and cherishes the expectation of doing scenarios which will find acceptance at the hands of the photoplay makers and managers. Good luck to her and much success must be the wish of all of the constituency.

How to Cook Rice.

"Will you be so kind as to tell me in the Corner how to preserve olives? I have a young tree full of the fruit and would like to bottle them as table olives. I know that they are put up in brine and olive oil, but how so I do not know. To wash rice I run water over it freely, using an egg whip, and then let the rice stand some little time in water—say half an hour or longer. I then drain off that water and whip the rice well through several waters. This removes the coating of glucose, which is really quite stubborn about leaving the grains, as it is put on to polish them and give them the gloss that pleases the eye. Yet when the rice is cooked with this gloss on it is sticky and gummy. After washing with the egg whip (never use the hands), put the rice on in cold water and let boil about five minutes, until it becomes milky, then run through the cold water and drain, return to the stove, and add a little boiling water, cover, and let stew until tender. This renders the rice pure white and the grains stand alone. AN ARDENT ADMIRER."

I am sorry not to have the full directions for putting up olives, but I must appeal for these to some of the Cornettes, who may have them. Can some one send me the recipe to print on the page? I wonder if the correspondent has ever used the unpolished rice, which is sold in many places? This does not have the shiny coating of which she complains.

Little Home Has Many Needs.

"I am sure you have no idea of the conditions under which we women of the mountains live and work, so I am going to tell you a little about myself. I live in this little mountain town of 400 inhabitants, shut in by the hills, twenty-four miles from the railroad, a day's journey over the roughest of roads, by wagon or horseback. My home is a little six room cottage; the floors are rough and bare, the walls covered with dinky, stained paper. My lighting system is three coal oil lamps. I have a small hand pump and sink in the kitchen. My rooms are half-furnished. I have no good pictures, books, or music. My kitchen equipment consists of a small coal stove and a few iron kettles and pans. I am trying to do all the work, including washing, ironing, milking two cows, feeding chickens, and pig, besides caring for my three little girls. What do you think of this for a

job for a country girl, half educated, and wholly untrained? Now, I want to do my own work and to do it efficiently, making my little home comfortable and attractive with books, music, pictures, and flowers, to help my children to grow up to be useful and competent. But how am I going to do this? I have thought of many improvements—a big range with hot water tank, and an aluminum or enamel cooking outfit; linoleum on the kitchen floor, patent churn, biscuit kneader, up to date cook books, a little bathroom with water piped from the boiler in the kitchen, an oil stove, an ice-house, a flower pit to keep plants in the winter, a good chickenhouse, ratproof, to say nothing of a bookcase, filled with good books, and a piano. But I can't see much prospect of my owning these treasures this side of heaven. This rambling, incoherent letter is the means of expressing desires that I have long kept to myself and I hope that you, as a Christian woman, can read between the poorly written

lines the desire for something higher and better for my children and husband, instead of selfishness and greed for the things of this life. Autumn in all her glory makes these hills seem near to God, and, if it were possible for any one to be dissatisfied with life after a walk along the river bank, with the perfume of the papaws and the wild grapes in the air, I don't believe a kitchen range or imitation enamel cooking outfit, linoleum on the kitchen floor, patent churn, biscuit kneader, up to date cook books, a little bathroom with water piped from the boiler in the kitchen, an oil stove, an ice-house, a flower pit to keep plants in the winter, a good chickenhouse, ratproof, to say nothing of a bookcase, filled with good books, and a piano. But I can't see much prospect of my owning these treasures this side of heaven. This rambling, incoherent letter is the means of expressing desires that I have long kept to myself and I hope that you, as a Christian woman, can read between the poorly written

Not for a long time have I read a letter which impressed me more deeply than this. We live nearer civilization as we understand it—or at least, near the conveniences and comforts of life—have

little notion of the deprivations which must be taken as a matter of course by women living as does this correspondent. Our possessions bring with them their responsibilities and among these is that of being of assistance to those outside the circle of the aids we take for granted. Can you guess what a good picture or two, a few good books—one of the "up to date cook books" of which she speaks—an occasional helpful and suggestive letter would mean to one situated as Mrs. J. I may say, by the way, that the Cornette who wins her for a correspondent is fortunate, for whatever else the woman may lack, she holds a graceful and easy pen and her outlook on life should be of real benefit to any one with whom she will share it. You may observe that she asks for nothing beyond a suggestion or two as to how to make the best of her home, but if the parcel post should bring her one of the books or pictures to which I have referred, an occasional magazine, even one of the light and inex-

pensive aluminum utensils that she longs for, or a ribbon or two for her little girls, I can imagine how gratefully these would be received. But it is at her request I shall be more than pleased to give her address to any one who wishes to correspond with her.

Lily Bulbs for Flower Lovers.

"To some of the flower lovers of the Corner we will send some nice bulbs of the sacred lily if they will pay postage. We raise ours in the open ground and will divide them with the Cornettes as long as they hold out. They are easily raised in the house by placing a group of bulbs in a bowl of water with pebbles placed around them for support and to allow the roots to grow freely. Plenty of fresh water must be kept on them. Planted early they will bloom for the holidays."

A generous offer, which will probably be as freely answered that I foresee many disappointments for those who are not on hand early enough to receive the precious bulbs before the supply is exhausted. The address of K. L. will be sent promptly to applicants inclosing stamp for reply.

In Exchange for Reading Matter.

"I get lonely at times and would like much to have some good books, novels, and magazines, if any of the Cornettes could be good enough to send them. I have a lot of new transfer embroidery paper patterns I would exchange for such books if the readers cared to do this. If the books or magazines are sent to me I will return an equal amount in transfer patterns. I would also like to get remnants of any kinds of dry goods—wool, silk, or cotton—and if any one will send me two pounds of such remnants I will give in return a pair of lovely knitted wool mittens. MRS. S. B. S."

I will gladly send the address of this correspondent to any one wishing to make the exchanges she suggests.

Cheese Salad and Chili Beans.

"I am sending you with this recipes for cheese salad and also for chili beans. The regular recipe calls for a third of a teaspoon of chili powder, which one can get at any grocery here. But I get the dry red peppers called sweet mango, wash four of them clean, split open, take out all the seeds (the seeds make the mixture too hot), then put the peppers on the stove and boil for ten or fifteen minutes. When cool strip the pods and use the soft, creamy part; do not use the skin or hard pieces. For the cheese salad the eastern cheese may be used. My measure calls for a tablespoonful and I fill the tablespoon and then with a knife scrape off what rises above the brim. What is left in the spoon is meant for a spoonful. I surely am thankful to you for printing my recipe for making cheese, for my daughter wanted the recipe and I think it is much nicer to have it printed than written out. We have a scrapbook and into it goes every good recipe. If I am visiting I am always ready to ask for the recipe when something is served at din-

ner or lunch that I think is nice and that I do not know how to make this slight effort, but if you insist upon a clean garbage pail she will soon discover that lining the pail is less labor than cleaning it, and that a means which obliges her to scour it out only once a week instead of once a day is worth following. Try it yourself or make her try it and see.

"SPANISH CHILI BEANS—Soak 10 cents' worth of chili beans overnight. In the morning place the beans in two quart of boiling water and cook until they are tender. Then chop up three large onions, one whole garlic (nine pods), put with these one tablespoon of salt, one-third of a teaspoon of the chili powder for the substitute of which I have spoken, 10 cents' worth of ground hamburger meat, 5 cents' worth of ground pork sausage meat, half a cup of tomato juice, four tablespoons of bacon frying, and mix all with the beans. Boil all together until done and thicken with a tablespoon of flour. This is a Spanish dish and delicious."

"CHEESE SALAD DRESSING—Put into the double boiler one cup of sweet milk, four tablespoons of sugar, one teaspoon of salt. In a cup mix three tablespoons of sifted flour with one teaspoon of mustard, a dash of white pepper, and butter the size of a walnut. Thin with warm milk, being careful not to get the mixture lumpy; add it to the milk in the boiler. Put two tablespoons of vinegar into a cup and half as much lemon juice, add to the milk in the boiler; put in one well beaten egg and stir constantly until thick. Turn into a dish, add a few seconds longer. When cold add a pint of thick sweet cream; beat thoroughly with an egg beater, and then mix it with the salad when you are ready to serve. This is a salad fit for a queen. M. M. M."

I am glad to get these recipes from the same correspondent who has sent us other directions and I note what she says about testing each recipe before she turns it in. May I make a suggestion which, if carried out, would render the recipes more generally helpful? M. M. M. refers to "10 cents' worth" of this and "5 cents' worth" of that. The cost of staples varies in different localities and 10 cents' worth of chopped meat in one place might be equal elsewhere by 5 cents' worth. Taking this into consideration, I think it would be far better if accurate measurements were given in every case—if the recipe would say how large a quantity of beans 10 cents' worth would be, whether a pint or a quart, for instance—and if the same rule would be followed with other ingredients. Both the chili bean recipe and that for cheese salad sound as if they ought to result in a good product, and I hope we may have other recipes from the same source.

FAMILY MEALS FOR A WEEK.

SUNDAY. BREAKFAST. Hot milk. Fruit and milk. Boiled eggs. Cereal. Cornbread. Coffee. LUNCHEON. Sliced ham. Baked beans. Toasted corn bread (left over). Fruit salad. Tea. DINNER. Macaroni soup. Roast lamb. Brown potatoes. String beans. Vanilla ice cream with peach sauce. Coffee.	MONDAY. BREAKFAST. Oranges. Cereal. Bacon and fried hash (left over). Toast. Coffee. LUNCHEON. Ham with scrambled eggs (left over). Warmen over beans. Brown bread and butter. Pickles. Tea. DINNER. Cold lamb. Potatoes hashed and browned. Stewed oyster plant. Fruit dessert. Coffee.	TUESDAY. BREAKFAST. Oranges. Cereal. Fried eggs. Rolls. Coffee. LUNCHEON. Macaroni soup (left over). Roast chicken. Hominy pudding (left over). Boiled beans. Apple dumplings. Coffee. THURSDAY. BREAKFAST. Oranges. Cereal. Fried scrapple. Rolls. Coffee. LUNCHEON. Sauage. Griddle cakes. Honey. Tea.	WEDNESDAY. BREAKFAST. Grapes. Boiled hominy and cream. Fried apples and bacon. Toast. Coffee. LUNCHEON. Peppers stuffed with minced beef (left over). Creamed potatoes. Bun loaf. Cocoa. DINNER. Macaroni soup (left over). Roast chicken. Hominy pudding (left over). Boiled beans. Apple dumplings. Coffee.	FRIDAY. BREAKFAST. Grapes. Cereal. Boiled eggs. Quick biscuit. Coffee. LUNCHEON. Cheese pudding. Baked potatoes. Toasted biscuit (left over for breakfast). Custard with pudding with custard sauce. Tea. DINNER. Squash soup (left over). Broiled Spanish mackerel. Whipped potatoes. Stewed onions. Raisin pie. Coffee.	SATURDAY. BREAKFAST. Oranges. Cereal. Bacon and eggs. Toast. Coffee. LUNCHEON. Creamed fish. Potato puff (left over). Whole wheat muffins. Hot gingerbread. Chocolate. DINNER. Julien soup (left over). Veal cutlets. Baked tomatoes. Sweet potatoes. Chocolate blancmange. Cheese. Coffee.
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